

THE WACHAGAFOLKS

Interesting Savages Found by

Dr. W. L. Abbott on Kili-
ma-Njaro Volcano.

ONE SULTAN LOVES TOYS,

Another Has Long Tunnels in the
Mountain for Protection.

TWICE AS MANY WOMEN AS MEN.

A Race Characteristic Is a Passion for
Stealing Chickens.

AFRICA'S SITE FOR A BIG SANITARIUM

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The most curious people in Africa, who dwell on the slopes of the wonderful mountain called Kili-ma-Njaro, furnish the subject of an interesting monograph about to be issued by the Smithsonian Institution. This remarkable volcano is situated 175 miles from the east coast and just south of the Equator, capped with eternal snows and glaciers. For centuries its existence was only known through reports obtained from the natives, and not until 1849 was it seen by a white man—the missionary Krapf. The country between it and the nearest sea port, Mombasa, which is the headquarters of the British East African Company, is a desert.

The mountain has two cones, Kibo and Kileleshwa, the former containing a crater 6,000 feet across and 600 feet deep, and the latter being a black dome of rotten lava. A ridge 15,000 feet high joins the two peaks, the higher of which attains an altitude of 20,000 feet. The peaks are eight miles apart. Many explorers have tried in vain to reach the summits, but success in this attempt was reserved for Dr. W. L. Abbott, the writer quoted, who climbed with a companion to the loftiest points, although they lost their lives in the process, owing to the rotten ice on Kibo, in which they sank frequently to their armpits, and to the precipices of crumbling lava on Kileleshwa, from which great masses fell in avalanches at the slightest touch.

Through a Heavy Range of Climate.

They ascended from the tropical climate of the surrounding plain through a series of zones, each having its own flora and fauna, and the Arctic line of snow was reached at the height of 18,000 feet. The strip populated by human beings was well defined, extending along the slopes of the mountain for 60 miles, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level. On every hand were the extreme conditions of the tropics, one of them forming a lake called Chala, two miles wide, the lava walls of which rose perpendicularly 200 feet above the water's edge. This sheet of water was flanked by numerous crocodiles and certain extraordinary species of fishes. The forests from 9,000 to 10,000 feet had a most peculiar appearance, the trunks and branches being completely covered with orchids, ferns and mosses. Some of the larger trees were regular botanical gardens, crowded with rarest plants and flowers.

The populated strip along the side of this volcanic elevation is from two to five miles wide and is occupied by 60,000 natives. It is divided into two parts, the lower part governed by a more or less independent sultan, who is separated from his neighbors by a patch of desert or of barren, deep gorges. The highest state has 30,000 inhabitants, while those least in size have only from 100 to 300 subjects.

The people are characterized by the fact that the Wachagafolk are of the Negro race, but they are of a more or less independent sultan, who is separated from his neighbors by a patch of desert or of barren, deep gorges. The highest state has 30,000 inhabitants, while those least in size have only from 100 to 300 subjects.

By far the most enlightened of these feudal potentates, however, is Mandara, King of Mochi, who has sent ambassadors to the Emperor of Germany. He has a business of accumulating European curiosities of every imaginable sort—steam engines, clocks, guns, many patterns, and a great many other things. He keeps these treasures stored away, bringing them out occasionally for his own amusement or to exhibit before the curious eyes of visiting chiefs.

Most powerful of all the sultans is Cona, ruler of Kiboko, who holds his own against all the other chiefs allied against him. He has constructed a series of underground passages, by means of which his wives and children could at any time escape from a foe, emerging far away through the forest. He is very rich and powerful, and his subjects are very loyal to him. He keeps these treasures stored away, bringing them out occasionally for his own amusement or to exhibit before the curious eyes of visiting chiefs.

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NEWSIES AND SHINES

Are Threatened With a Loss of Occu-
pation From Machinery.

AN AUTOMATIC PAPER SELLER

And a Bootblacking Contrivance on the
Coin-in-the-slot Plan.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The invention juggernauts glides rapidly
and it grinds exceeding small. The next
victim to fall under
its remorseless wheels
will be the newsboys
and the bootblacks.The newboy of the future is to be silent
and the bootblack will be noiseless. Instead
of the strident cries of
"Shine!" and "All
about the murder in
the New York Herald."The New York Herald-Tribune Row "I" we
have only the loud, metallic sough rattle
of coins dropping into slots.The inventor of the automatic bootblack
has just applied for a patent, and to the
news of the great contrivance a newboy
a patent has just been granted.The bootblack man is Samuel A. Russell and he
lives in Birmingham, Conn. Mr. Russell
says his idea was suggested to him by a local
sales dealer, who told him that such a
machine was needed and expressed a wonder
why some shrewd Yankee had not brought
it out long ago. So Mr. Russell, being
Yankee, and withal a shrewd one, set his
mind to working.The automatic bootblack is a contrivance
to use his own coin, and to know how
much time it takes
to write it," he says,
"I had my present
machine invented."It consists of a set
of six revolving
brushes placed upon
a turntable, pulling them down slowly
lever, the brushes
being convex so as
to conform to the shape of the foot. The
newsboy, when he inserts his coin, has his
nickel in the slot and the whole operation is
over by the time he has read four para-
graphs in his morning paper.The automatic bootblack has been at-
tempted at various times, but never with
satisfaction. The difficulty of operating it
arose from the great want of uniformity
among papers, and the fact that the news-
boy might work all right for the Morning
Breeze, but utterly refuse to handle
the Penny Evening Post, or it might de-
pend upon the daily edition regularly
and go on an obdurate strike when it came
to distributing the big Sunday numbers.But a Seattle gen-
tleman, who has been in operation
a machine which he
maintains overcomes
all objections. It has
been in use for some
time, and has been
praised for each paper on sale, and
opposite to each com-
partment is a slot for
the coin, and a lever
to put a coin in the
slot and then pull a
lever.A few of the bootblack
or catch; he merely
drops a coin in the slot opposite the
desired paper, and the whole operation is
half way out of the slot at a convenient
height from the bottom of the case. It is
absolutely honest. It never fails to
give the newsboy the exact value of his
coin, and as soon as
any compartment is empty the slot closes
so tight that it is impossible to force a coin
into it, and a sign gives notice that the box
is empty.It also makes change with unerring ac-
curacy. It can't be "dime-flamed" and will
not attempt to give a customer more than
he is entitled to. In short, it is a
square dealing in its
entirety. If a customer
gives a nickel and the
machine delivers a
paper and a quarter
dollar he drops his
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paper with the An Automatic Shiner.The machine can be adjusted to sell at
any price. It will sell a 1-cent paper
in the evening and a 5-cent paper ten times
the bulk the next morning. It will sell a 1-
cent paper from one box, a 5-cent paper
from another, and a 10-cent paper from a
third. Different articles can be put
on sale through it on different days or at
different times of day. It will sell books,
photographs, stationery in packages, ac-
cessories, catalogues, guide books, accident
policies. It can be made as easily to sell a
dozen different newspapers or other articles
as it can to sell a single paper.The machine can be converted into a general automatic
store.By the way, it is not generally known
that the mechanical newspaper tender is the
subject of a good deal of discussion among
a circle of club men in Pittsburgh. They
claim they have a machine that is an im-
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A PRICELESS LETTER.

How Alfred Morrison Was Forced to Pay a
Thousand Guineas for a Few Lines
From Marie Stuart—A Threat Brought
the Enormous Sum.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Perhaps the largest and most valuable
private collection of autograph letters and
manuscripts in the United Kingdom is that
which has been made by Mr. Alfred Morris-
son, a gentleman of unlimited wealth. The
most valuable article in this superb collec-
tion is a letter written by Marie Stuart.On the morning of her execution the un-
fortunate Queen of Scots wrote three letters
—one to His Holiness the Pope, another to
the King of France, and a third to the
Archbishop of Guise. The letter to the
Pope is still preserved among the treasures
of the Vatican, the letter to the Archbishop
was for hundreds of years sequestered in
a monastery at Guise, but the letter written
to the French king was destroyed among
other family papers of that monarch.One day not many years ago it was dis-
covered by the monks of Guise that the let-
ter which had so long been treasured among
their relics was missing; it was evident that
a burglar had been at work among the
archives, but no clue to the culprit could be
obtained. The loss created quite a
sensation of a sensation as the robbery of a
sacred relic might have created, but there
seemed to be no way of recovering the
treasure, and was determined to realize it.

A Villain Who Knew Its Worth.

In time there appeared in London a man
who exhibited this identical letter—the let-
ter written a few hours before her death by
Marie Stuart to the Archbishop of Guise.How the letter came into the possession of
this fellow can only be surmised; there are
some who say it was stolen; others, less
credulous, assert that the monks, wishing
to realize money on the relic, used it sim-
ply as a tool for the disposal of the let-
ter. Be this as it may, it was clear that
the ruffian knew the full value of the
treasure, and was determined to realize it.Of course Morrison was wild with delight;
never before had there been presented to
him a notable opportunity to possess himself
of a priceless unique. Morrison recognizedthe worth of the treasure, yet he recognized
at the same time the propriety of dissimu-
lation. Therefore, feigning as best he could
a certain indifference, he asked: "And how
much do you wish me to pay you for this?"The man was fully prepared for that
issue. "One thousand guineas," he said.The price started, nay, paralyzed Mr.
Morrison, millionaire though he was."A thousand guineas!" roared he. "You
are extortionate in your demands.""No, I am not," answered the ruffian,
coolly. "I know what the letter's worth,
and I shall not take a penny less for it."For a moment Mr. Morrison was tempted
to clinch the bargain. "But no," thought
he; "if I pay such a price for a single item,
I shall simply render myself liable to extor-
tionate prices all the rest of my life."

A Price Worth Striving For.

"Take it away," said Morrison to the
other, "I'll not pay you any such sum of
money for it."So the man went his way, taking the
precious document with him.Then regret played upon Morrison. He
might at least have parleyed with the fel-
low—perhaps argument, dispassionate
argument, or good-natured cajolery might
have induced him to part with the treasure
at a more reasonable price. What if some
rival collector should secure the prize?What if by some means or other the let-
ter should be discovered? These are the
other fancies made Mr. Morrison's life a
burden for many days and nights.It was perhaps a fortnight later that a
woman entered Mr. Morrison's library; she
was "Mrs. W." and ill-dressed."My husband is in a cab outside," said
she. "He has that Marie Stuart letter, and
you can pay me for it. He will tell you
he will tell it to you. He is a reckless man,
and I warn you that he will execute his
determination."This announcement threw Morrison into
a fever of excitement; he did not stop to
think—his mind was filled with apprehen-
sion lest that priceless relic should be de-
stroyed. He rushed out, and in a few
moments he was in the cab, and he under-
stand what his emotions must have been
at that moment; it was his duty to save
the prize at any cost—it was now or
never. He paid the driver, and he was on
his way. He had the letter in his hand, and
he was on his way. He had the letter in his
hand, and he was on his way.

The Vendor Was the Thorough.

"Here's your money; give me the letter,"
cried Morrison."It's well you came. I was about to tear
it up," said the man grimly.But back in his library with the Marie
Stuart letter in his hands, Mr. Morrison
began to take another aspect of the affair.It is reasonable to suppose," he asked
himself, "that this letter is worth more
than the value of this price, would have de-
stroyed what he knew would make him
comparatively rich? Of course not; he has
played upon me, and he has done so. I
know myself; by a most commonplace arti-
fice he has so excited my emotions that I
have paid an extortionate sum for what I
doubtless would have secured for half the
money."With these poignant reflections Morrison
reproached himself, yet it is a question
whether he would have been able to resist
the temptation of the letter. He had the
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stand what his emotions must have been
at that moment; it was his duty to save
the prize at any cost—it was now or
never. He paid the driver, and he was on
his way. He had the letter in his hand, and
he was on his way.

The Vendor Was the Thorough.

"Here's your money; give me the letter,"
cried Morrison."It's well you came. I was about to tear
it up," said the man grimly.But back in his library with the Marie
Stuart letter in his hands, Mr. Morrison
began to take another aspect of the affair.It is reasonable to suppose," he asked
himself, "that this letter is worth more
than the value of this price, would have de-
stroyed what he knew would make him
comparatively rich? Of course not; he has
played upon me, and he has done so. I
know myself; by a most commonplace arti-
fice he has so excited my emotions that I
have paid an extortionate sum for what I
doubtless would have secured for half the
money."With these poignant reflections Morrison
reproached himself, yet it is a question
whether he would have been able to resist
the temptation of the letter. He had the
letter in his hands, and he was on his way.
He had the letter in his hands, and he was
on his way.